JUNE, 1926

The Wisconsin MAGAZINE

Hattie F. Fritzges '26
Warren, Ill.

"Know Your Own State"

Hereafter AJAX SIX will be known as the NASH *Light Six*

Important!

The phenomenal success of the Ajax Six and the great size the business has attained in less than a year, with well over $27,000,000 worth of cars already shipped, has made advisable a closer consolidation of Nash and Ajax manufacturing operations.

With this in view the Ajax Motors Company, till now a subsidiary of The Nash Motors Company, has been entirely absorbed by the parent Company.

And in accordance with this procedure the name of the product, Ajax Six, is herewith changed to Nash Light Six.

So that Nash models are now available in 3 Series—*differing as to wheelbase but identical in their high standards of workmanship*—

—the NEW Light Six series (*formerly the Ajax Six*); the Special Six series; and Advanced Six series;—embracing 16 different models with a price range from $865 to $2090 f. o. b. factory.

This announcement of the change in name from Ajax Six to Nash Light Six also marks the greatest five month period of business in Nash history.

The upward soaring demand during January, February, March, April and May drove total sales and production to a figure approximating 70% of the total sales for the whole of last year.

(3588) A

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY - - - - - *Kenosha, Wisconsin*

Reporting the Facts

The by-laws of The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, which was chartered by a special act of the Wisconsin legislature away back in 1857, very wisely provide that every year a **committee of its policyholders** shall fully inquire into the affairs of the Company and make a report of its findings. All the books, records and files are placed at the full disposal of the Committee and it may freely call on the officers and employees for information and assistance in its work.

The reports by these Committees are such as naturally interest policyholders and they are published in full in the Annual Statement sent to each policyholder. Extracts from the report filed by the last Committee on January 19th, 1926, are here given for the benefit of the general public, as well:

"MANAGEMENT: The Committee finds the Company to be in a sound condition. Those in control of the administration follow a conservative policy in the conduct of its affairs. The personnel of the administration, which includes not only the officers, but also the members of the Executive and Finance Committees, are men of highest standing. *The interests of the policyholders are paramount in their deliberations and actions.*

"RESERVES: The Committee is satisfied that the legal reserves required by statute are maintained by the Company.

"INVESTMENTS: The Committee finds that the investment of the reserve funds has been carefully made. There has been a wise selection of investments, the mortgage foreclosures have been small and the net yield on investments satisfactory. The officers and members of the Finance Committee have followed a cautious and conservative course.

"DIVIDENDS: The so-called dividends are in fact primarily portions of the premiums which policyholders have paid. The Committee has examined the basis of distributing their dividends to policyholders and believes it to be fair and equitable.

"CLAIMS: Policyholders quite properly expect prompt payment of claims. The Company promptly pays claims."

The Committee closed its report by expressing the belief that *"the policyholders have every reason to have confidence in the administration and stability of The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company."*

There were two Wisconsin men on this Committee: Hon. John B. Chase, State Senator from the Second Wisconsin District and Attorney at Law, of Oconto, Wisconsin, and Joseph W. Simpson, President of the Milwaukee-Western Fuel Company, Milwaukee. James L. Madden, Manager of the Insurance Department of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Washington, D. C., was chairman of the Committee. Other members were: Hon. Ernest C. Kontz, Atlanta, Ga., and Reginald T. Blauvelt, East Orange, New Jersey.

Appreciation of the results which the Northwestern furnishes its policyholders is evidenced by the fact that in 1925, of all the business written by it, 53.3 per cent was upon applications of persons previously insured in the Company.

The Northwestern now has approximately 900,000 policies in force and it is issuing paid-for life insurance—pure and simple—at the rate of nearly one million and a quarter dollars per office day. The Executive Committee again, in the Annual Statement this year, expressed its firm adherence to this fundamental principle, which, for years, has been the policy of the Company, viz:

"The ambition of the Northwestern has been less to be large than to be safe; its aim is to rank first in benefits to policyholders rather than first in size. Valuing quality above quantity it has preferred to secure its business under certain salutary restrictions and limitations rather than to write a much larger business at the possible sacrifice of those valuable points which have made the Northwestern pre-eminently the policyholders' Company."

The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

W. D. VAN DYNE, President.

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MADISON WISCONSIN

The Wisconsin Magazine

"Know Your Own State"

HARDY STEEHOLM, Editor

January-June, 1926

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Application for entry as second class mail has been made changing office of entry from Ft. Atkinson, Wisconsin to Appleton, Wisconsin.

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An Announcement

THIS issue of The Wisconsin Magazine, the first since last December, comes to you as an assurance that the publication has not ceased to do business, and also as an announcement that there will be no more interruptions. Hereafter you will receive a magazine every month, with the prospect that some of the numbers will be of exceptional interest and historical value.

To tell why The Wisconsin Magazine suspended publication for the last few months is a rather long story. Suffice it to say that extreme difficulties were encountered in publishing a magazine of such high character and quality, and a reorganization became necessary in order that the project might go on. This has been accomplished. The business administration and advertising management are now in the hands of the Retail Publishers, Inc., of Appleton, Wisconsin, an experienced publishing organization.

There will be no change in the editorial policy and management. This larger organization will benefit the readers, because the editor can devote more of his time to a search for those things in Wisconsin which are of unusual interest and will make enjoyable reading for the admirers of this beloved Badger State of ours.

It is not our intention to try to make up the back issues. Those who are keeping files of the magazine therefore are advised that the last issue published was that of December, 1925, and that we resume with the issue of June, 1926.

Subscribers will be protected against any loss because of this situation. All expiration dates will be extended so that twelve issues will be received for each year's payment. Those who have paid at the former price of Two Dollars a year will have their accounts readjusted to give them the advantage of the new annual subscription price of One Dollar.

Our gratitude goes out to our readers, who have been tolerant and patient during our uphill months of beginning and growth. We hope never to disappoint them again, and to make up in full measure for the time when we were unable to serve them.

THE PUBLISHERS.

The Wisconsin Magazine
"Know Your Own State"
January-June, 1926

Some Thoughts About the State of Wisconsin—Its Past and Its Future

By W. O. HOTCHKISS
Former State Geologist, now President of Michigan College of Mines

IN many ways that mean most to me, Wisconsin is the greatest state in the Union. My work as state geologist and as member of the state highway commission has made me acquainted with all parts of the state, and has brought me in intimate contact with all classes of its people, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, farmers and laborers and capitalists, and all the different nationalities. I have also seen much of other states and their people and conditions, so that I have a fair basis for comparing them with each other and with our own state. All this experience has led me to a most lively appreciation of the great good fortune which we citizens of Wisconsin enjoy.

I oftentimes think the average citizen fails to understand and appreciate how well off we are, because he does not stop to compare his lot with that of people in other countries and other states. It is true that the deflation after the war caused much financial loss to the people of Wisconsin and financial loss is never pleasing to any of us, but we should stop and compare our lot with that of other countries and states. Wisconsin was the one state that was not clamoring for help from the Federal Reserve Bank. No one in Wisconsin went hungry. Millions starved to death elsewhere in the world. So, after all, badly as we have felt our financial losses, people in other states and other countries have suffered far more than we have. As a matter of fact we have economic conditions in our good state that are not equalled elsewhere. The wealth of Wisconsin is widely and uniformly distributed. We have relatively few citizens of vast wealth but a vast majority of our citizens are very comfortably well off, if we stop to compare our lot with that of any other part of the world.

When we look back from 40 to 70 years and survey the development that has taken place and search for anything like it in all the previous history of the world we are astounded. We cannot grasp it. The greatest miracle of all the ages has been and is now taking place about us and we haven't the perspective to appreciate it. An empire of vast wealth and resources has been reclaimed from the wilderness and brought into the service of men in less than two generations. We have been born to wealth and surrounded with wealth all our lives so that we lack almost completely any adequate conception of what we have to be thankful for.

To give a concrete example of how prosperous we are, let us consider the one item of automobile ownership in that part of the western hemisphere south of the United States, including Cuba, Mexico, Central America and all of South America.

In this vast area of almost unlimited natural resources of soil, timber, and minerals there live 77 million people—thirty times as many as we have in Wisconsin. A very few of them live in magnificent homes, nearly all of them are on the border line of poverty. This great group of people with their vastly greater possibilities for wealth have only about one-half the number of automobiles that our two and one-half million have in Wisconsin. We have one for each five persons, they have one for each 550 persons. "But," you object, "your illustration takes a backward part of the earth where civilization has not progressed as much as it has in other parts." True enough, let us compare Europe. Great Britain and Ireland with nearly twenty times the population of Wisconsin have about twice as many automobiles as we have in Wisconsin. The next largest number is in France, a country with fifteen times our population and a little over half as many autos as there are in Wisconsin.

Never before in all the history of the world have we, the so-called common people, had so many things to enjoy. If you will look back even no farther than the past generation and compare the lot of the average person in those days with his lot at present, the contrast will be very striking indeed. Never before has the average man in any country had so good a home as the average citizen of Wisconsin now enjoys. Never has he had in that home such comfortable furniture, such good rugs, such good pictures, such an abundance of excellent books and magazines, nor has he had such good food and clothing as the average Wisconsin citizen has today. Never has so large a percentage of the people enjoyed good health.

In addition to the fundamental necessities of health, shelter, food and clothing, which I have mentioned, the citizen of Wisconsin today enjoys an educational system vastly better than any of his ancestors enjoyed. He enjoys a transportation system of ships and railroads that bring to his door the products of the whole world with such speed that even the perishable fruits of the tropics are commonly found on the table of the average citizen, a thing which was utterly impossible 100 years ago before the railroad and the steamship.

Physically Wisconsin is no different from what it was 100 years ago. The same minerals exist. The same trees grow. The same soil and climate are here. Then Wisconsin supported a sparse population of Indians in poverty and famine and war. Now it supports over 2½ million people in wealth, plenty, and peace. Then the iron and lead and zinc were unused and valueless. The wonderful forests of pine and hardwood served no purpose except to shelter game or to furnish hiding places from the enemy. The rich soil was untouched except for small, rare garden patches near the summer camps of the Indians. The waterfalls that now add millions annually to our wealth were nothing but hindrances to the passage of the occasional canoe.

What is the reason for this change? How can millions now live in wealth and happiness where a few thousands found life full of poverty and woe only a century ago?

The answer is the greatest resource which we have in Wisconsin—its people. Our other resources—soil and climate, minerals, forests, and water power are the materials. Our present social and economic structure differs from that of a hundred years ago because a different race of builders has come in who could do vastly more with these same materials.

Every citizen needs to have indelibly engraved on his mind that our present

wealth in Wisconsin is due to the fact that we and our fathers have worked diligently and intelligently for our personal welfare, and also that we have worked diligently and intelligently together for the common welfare. Every school boy and school girl should have it most strongly impressed on him that the welfare of each individual is indissolubly tied up with the welfare of those about him. Every farmer should realize fully that unless the men engaged in manufacture and the men engaged in distribution of products are prosperous they cannot afford to buy so much of the farmer's products and he is bound to suffer with them.

This simple fundamental principle needs to be thoroughly grounded in the minds of all our people so that it will be recognized as the basic working principle of our future prosperity. Unless it is so recognized we are going to fall far short of that degree of prosperity we might otherwise attain.

We have received from our fathers a priceless heritage that gives us more to minister to our happiness than any similar group has ever had in all the world outside of the United States—a heritage of prosperity in agriculture and manufacturing, a heritage of wise educational policies, and of high ideals of public service—in short a social and economic system which has made possible all that we have. The greatest service we can perform is to pass this heritage on to our successors not only untarnished by slothful neglect of our duties as citizens, but rather, improved by the vision and the energy we have applied to the common welfare. I wish I could hold a mirror before each one of you and tell you that that is **your** duty as a citizen, in a way that would burn it into your conscience so that you could never forget it nor fail to act accordingly.

As factors in the greatness of Wisconsin I have mentioned two, first our natural resources of soil, timber, minerals, and water power, and second the people of Wisconsin. In these two factors we differ but little from other states. What other factor enters in? In conversation with thoughtful people in other states I often find they will first strongly condemn us as radical and then admit that "there is no question that the state of Wisconsin does more for the benefit of its average citizen than does any other state." Another thing I find and that is that Wisconsin is looked upon as the leader in agriculture. It is looked upon as one of the leaders in higher education.

This brings us to the third factor in the greatness of our state. We have great natural resources and a people whose quality is excelled by none, but other states are similarly blessed. Why then is Wisconsin looked upon as the agricultural leader? Why has it the reputation for doing more for the welfare of us common citizens than any other state? Why are we ninth in value of manufactures when our population numbers would entitle us only to a much lower rank? The answer to this is one word, "Leadership", the most precious and the most difficult to get of the three factors in our greatness as a state. Wisconsin is looked upon as the leading agricultural state because we have in the past been blessed with leadership in agriculture to a greater degree than other states. The farmers of Michigan or Minnesota could have well afforded to pay huge fortunes to attract away from us in Wisconsin our Hoard and Henry, our Babcock and the other illustrious leaders in agriculture whose work adds literally hundreds of millions of dollars to our wealth every year, and has made Wisconsin farmers the most prosperous in the world.

We have had leadership in public affairs of far better quality than many states, much unselfish thought and study given to the welfare of us common citizens, and much effort expended, without thought or hope of financial reward, in remedying bad conditions or improving poor conditions. There has been to a high degree in the public men of our state the desire to work together for the common welfare of us all. The leadership we have had in business and in education has resulted in greatly improving our lot and putting us amongst the leaders of the nation.

So much for the past and present—what of the future of Wisconsin? I want to make a most optimistic prophecy. Picture to yourself the highest degree of human welfare that you can imagine and I will tell you that it is perfectly possible to reach it in this great state of ours. We have the natural resources, we have the people of high quality needed to bring this to pass. I need put only one IF to this prophecy, and that is, IF we will provide ourselves with proper leadership.

I do not mean that type of false leadership which appeals to ignorance, or cupidity; or which sets one class of men against another; or which uses trickery and sharp practice to gain a temporary selfish advantage either in business or in politics for himself and his associates. Such leaders never build up the welfare of the state; too often they tear down. They are blind leaders of the blind.

The type of leadership that Wisconsin must have in all lines of activity,—agriculture, business, education, or politics,—is the man who realizes that his own highest welfare,—physical, financial, and spiritual,—lies in his being of the greatest possible service to his fellows—the man who is big enough to desire to **give** of himself and his ability and his services; not the man who uses every ability he may possess to **take** to himself all the profit or all the advantage that he can wrest from his fellows. The **takers** are common and plentiful. The **givers** are rare in all activities both public and private. But Wisconsin is great because it has been blest with many great **givers**, men who have realized the truth of the statement, "whosoever will be the chiefest shall be the servant of all" (shall be of service to **all** the people).

Has it ever occurred to you that Wisconsin leads all other states in the manufacture of aluminum goods?

Being fourth in the manufacture of boots, shoes, and leather goods, Wisconsin manufacturers contribute generously to the state's employment and income.

We can see no end to the possible improvement in agriculture. There is no visible limit to what we can accomplish in business and manufacturing as science and invention are brought more and more into the service of mankind. Our educational system could be vastly better even than it is. We can see chances for tremendous improvement in public affairs if serious minded citizens will give more thought to this subject. If we want this prophecy to come true, we must take full advantage of every opportunity to encourage, and train, and select, and honor, and adequately reward, those leaders who are necessary to its fulfillment.

Palma Pedersen

IN a patriotic address before one of the Madison organizations, recently, Chief Justice Vinje expressed the thought that in some respects the American citizen who began his life in some other country has a finer appreciation of what our wonderful country can mean to the individual. Chief Justice Vinje came to this country at the age of eleven, and has worked his way from a poor immigrant Norwegian boy to his present well-earned eminence as the head of the legal profession of Wisconsin. He knows what America can mean for those who come here in the right attitude.

Elsewhere in this number of *The Wisconsin Magazine* there is a poem by a Wisconsin woman who came here from Norway when she was in her middle twenties. How well she has caught the vision of America is forcefully brought home to anyone reading the poem. There is a challenge in this poem, not only to other nations to produce what we have here, but a challenge to our own citizens to come to a full realization of the blessings which have been so bountifully bestowed upon this fortunate nation and its people. Not in the spirit of boastfulness is this poem written. It is a hymn of praise, a prayer of gratitude and love.

But, we read this poem also in amazement that one who is foreign-born and who came here at an age when the learning of a new language is a difficult achievement should be able to express herself with such fluency and adequacy.

We take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Pedersen for the inspiration which we have personally received from reading her poem. We hope that at least a few of our readers will write Mrs. Pedersen (La Crosse) and tell her so, if they agree with us that this poem expresses a patriotic sentiment which we all, American citizens, should appreciate.

HUGE POWERHOUSE AT THE WISSOTA DAM ON THE CHIPPEWA RIVER, WHERE ELECTRICAL ENERGY IS CREATED BY MEANS OF ONE OF THE GREATEST WATERPOWER PROJECTS IN THE ENTIRE MIDDLE-WEST. THIS PLANT IS ONE UNIT OF A SUPER POWER SYSTEM FOR THE NORTHWEST.

Teaching Nature to Do Men's Work

By JEAN WILMARTH

FOR ages, men have dreamed of harnessing the limitless energy supplied constantly by the rays of the sun. Every step upward in the history of man's progress from savagery to the height of civilization has been marked by the application and mastery of some one of Nature's forces. The use of fire, the use of the direct rays of the sun, the use of steam for power,—these and many other uses of natural forces have meant much in the development of mankind.

Now, the greatest force of all has been harnessed and applied to man's needs. And this, the greatest of all discoveries, marks the beginning of the greatest era in human history—the age in which Electrical Energy supplants human energy in the accomplishment of the tasks of daily life.

The transformation of the power of the floods into electrical energy is a romance in itself. As told in part, it is the story of the great Wissota Dam and Power House, from which flows the energizing life-blood that does the countless tasks of thousands and turns to useful purposes the hours of darkness.

The great power of the ever moving waters was not made to be idly wasted. Man, whose ancestor had tamed the fire and set it to do his work, was not to be balked by the wayward strength of the flood. A few men had vision, they had confidence in the growth and progress of this community, and so they have made the flood their slave, they have caught and bound the waters of the mighty Chippewa, the greatest of the power streams of northwestern Wisconsin.

What makes the Chippewa a truly great power stream, and why did the engineers and these men of vision select this particular site, investing approximately $5,000,000 in order to give an adequate electrical service to Western Wisconsin? To the average layman the drainage area of a river means very little. To the engineer it is the key to the power value of the stream. There is not much mystery about it, either. The water power of a river grows out of its supply of water and the amount of fall which can be made available at a given point. The ideal water-power system would conserve all the available water supply, storing its mighty power in time of plenty against the time of drought, and feeding it over the water-wheels of the power station at such speed that none of it would be wasted.

This ideal condition cannot be fully realized in a river of such variable stream flow as the Chippewa, in contrast with such developments as Niagara Falls where the water supply is practically constant. The problem of the engineer, therefore, was to store and concentrate this water in as large a volume as possible at a given point, there to direct its flow in one single fall from a higher elevation through the water wheels to the natural stream below. Here its mighty force, due to the incessant pull of gravity, is consumed in turning the giant water-wheel and is transferred into the power that turns the generators, which convert this power into electrical energy. From the point of its sources to Chippewa Falls, there is a fall in the Chippewa River of over 800 feet. This, then, is the mighty power that has, in part, been harnessed and concentrated at the Wissota Dam.

The location of the point at which the largest possible part of the fall in the Chippewa River could be concentrated was necessarily determined to some extent by the natural geographical conditions. On the immediate right of the site is a high bluff below which is the river bed, composed of an old and new channel surrounding an island, and across the valley and stream bed, over three-quarters of a mile away rises the high plateau that forms the boundaries of a natural storage basin, approximately 7,000 acres, or about 10 square miles in area.

Even with this large body of water collected in its natural storage basin through the drainage area of 5,600 square miles, there are periods during the year when the stream flow becomes so low that the storage pond is not replenished with water as rapidly as the water passes through the six large water wheels. This can be better appreciated when it is realized that it requires upwards of 129 million cubic feet of water each 24 hours to operate one water wheel at capacity. Because of this, electrical energy made from large steam plants must supply the deficiency which occurs at certain times of the year due to the variable flow of the Chippewa River.

The total amount of fall in the river for a considerable distance was consolidated at this point into a single available fall of about fifty-seven feet.

To accomplish this necessitated the building of a barrier sixty-seven feet high, extending from hillside to hillside, across the valley and bed of the stream, 4,290 feet in length. To make the foundations for this structure a channel was cut in the bed of the river, which is of granite rock. The total amount of rock which was removed would be sufficient to build a pyramid 200 feet square at the base and over 100 feet high.

By the most exact methods, the engineers who were planning this great work, determined the safest, the most economical, and the best location for the mighty barrier that was to catch and turn to useful purposes the waters of the Chippewa. They determined the design, shape, size and strength of the structures that were to hold the flood waters in leash, and all this information was recorded on maps and drawings to be used by the builders.

It was foreseen that the task would employ a large force of workers and that it would take many months of time. So, as a first step, a town was laid out, for the housing of the employees, adjacent to

the site of the proposed improvement. The structures included modern homes for the chief engineer and superintendent of construction, bungalows for engineers and foremen living on the job with their families, bunk houses and a central dining room for the single men, and separate houses for workers with families. A complete water and sewage system was connected with every building. All the buildings were lighted with electricity and the bunk houses and all public buildings were heated with steam from a central station. Cleanliness was the order, and contentment for the workers was the aim of this little town that had sprung up as Camp Wissota. Each employee was required to bathe and to have his linen washed weekly.

Gambling and liquor were forbidden. Reading and recreation rooms were attached to each bunk house, and each cottage was provided with a small plot for a garden. For the camp as a whole, a tobacco shop, a billiard and pool room, a library, an assembly room for movies and other entertainments, a hospital, a pharmacy, and a modern school house for the children of the workers, were provided and maintained by the company building this great dam. The town had its own police and fire department, and every possible thing was done to promote the comfort and contentment of the workers, for it was to be through their efforts that this great work would be accomplished.

To describe in detail the numberless features of the Wissota Development is not the intent of this story. It is desired only to relate the romance of the conception of this first step in a system of Super-Power Development throughout Northwestern Wisconsin and the Chippewa Valley, and to describe, in a manner appreciated by the layman from his own experiences its most striking features.

It was built by the Wisconsin-Minnesota Light and Power Company, which in 1923 was taken over by the Northern States Power Company. It was this latter company that in a large way made possible the financing of the project.

The dam at Wissota rises sixty-seven feet above the average water level of the old stream, and is approximately 4,290 feet in length, not including the power house section which is 337 feet long. Of this total length 910 feet is a concrete spillway with thirteen automatic gates, and 3,380 feet is of earth embankment with a solid concrete wall forming its core. At the time it was built this was the largest earth dam embankment in the United States.

Some idea of the magnitude of this dam can be had from the following figures. This huge pile of earth is twenty feet wide at the top, and averages 360 feet in width at the bottom, with a volume of earth fill of over one million cubic yards. To move this amount of earth on flat cars, of 20 yards capacity each, would require a train 283 miles long, requiring 700 powerful locomotives to pull it. The amounts of concrete and constructural steel used in building the dam and the power house are of corresponding greatness.

The water from the 5,600 square miles of drainage area above the Wissota Dam does not come all at once, nor does it come evenly through the year. Normally it comes in flood with the spring thaws; in lessened quantity during the summer months; in increased quantity and at accelerated speed as the fall storms furnish supply. But through all these fluctuations, the pond must be held at a normal or more or less constant elevation in order that the plant may be operated at its maximum efficiency, that the rights of the company to flood lands may not be exceeded, and that the structure itself may be safe against destruction.

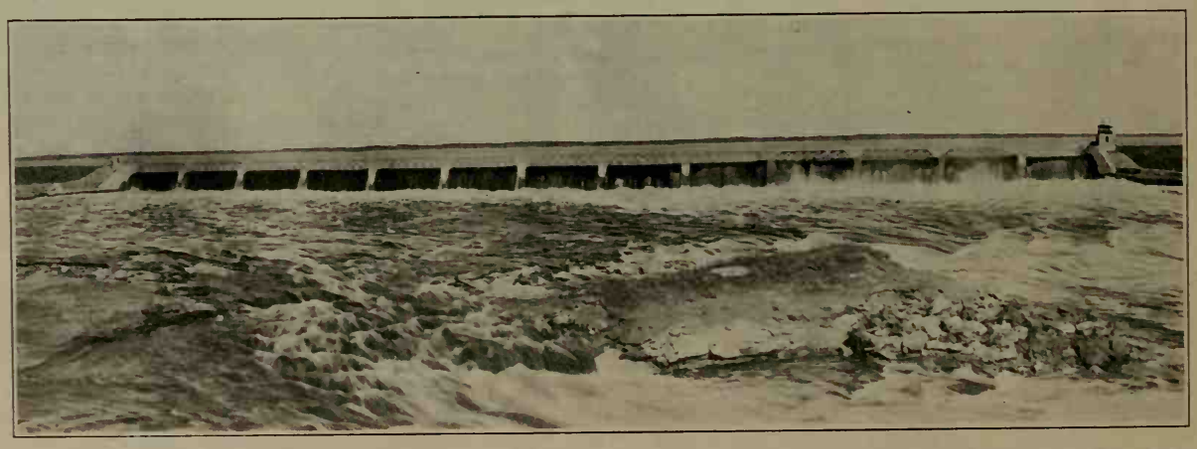
This is accomplished by 13 automatic spillway gates, called Stauwerke gates, after their inventor. Each gate is 64 feet wide, and is so counter-balanced by massive concrete weights that the gates remain up, holding the water at a predetermined elevation. As soon as the flood waters come and the pond level rises, the gates start to open. The mechanism of the gates is so sensitive that a rise of one inch in the pond level above a predetermined level is sufficient to start the gates downward.

The gates are wide open,—in other words in a horizontal position,—as soon as the pond level has risen four inches above its normal stage. If the pond level rises only two inches, the gates will only be half open. This movement is entirely independent of an operator, of any wiring, electric motors, or the transmission of power through gears. It is wholly subject to the increased pressure due to the flood, a force which never fails at the right instant, independent of weather or any other conditions. Wissota is the largest dam in the United States to be equipped with so large an automatic spillway.

Great turbines and generators transform the power of the falling waters into 100,000,000 kilowatt hours of electric energy per year. This energy is transmitted over high tension lines of 66,000 to 120,000 volts and feeds an area larger than the Kingdom of Belgium. There has recently been completed at Wissota an outdoor sub-station costing approximately one-half million dollars, through which will pass the energy of Wissota and of all the other present and future power stations of a Super Power Development in the Chippewa valley, there to be controlled and transmitted in the most efficient and economical manner into the various arteries that will carry the energizing life blood to the communities served.

The construction of the plant consumed eighteen months,—from November 1915 to May 1917, and required the continuous employment of about 700 men. Aside from the construction of the dam and power house, in order to secure the head of nearly sixty feet, it was necessary to move portions of both the Omaha and Soo Line railroads, and to change highways at different places. This necessitated the rebuilding of six bridges, varying from relatively small highway bridges to a highway bridge 750 feet long and a railroad bridge 800 feet long.

To the men of vision who conceived the development of this mighty power at Wissota, to the organization which now guards its operation, to the individual investor who had faith in the development of the public utility, and to the far-seeing engineers of the Byllesby organization who will make possible a great Super Power Development in Northwestern Wisconsin, we can be truly thankful for this present unit in our industrial life.



WATER FROM THE CHIPPEWA RIVER RUSHING THROUGH THE SPILLWAYS OF THE VAST WISSOTA DAM. GATES WHICH PERMIT THE FREE FLOW OR CHECK IT ARE OPERATED AUTOMATICALLY BY A SENSITIVE MECHANISM WHICH FUNCTIONS ACCORDING TO THE WATER PRESSURE. THE STORAGE POND IS KEPT AT A UNIFORM LEVEL ALL THROUGH THE YEAR WITHOUT THE EFFORT OF HUMAN HANDS.

The Telephone in Wisconsin

FROM two telephone instruments and a single strand of wire to an immense system of communication with approximately 450,000 telephones, is the wonderful growth the telephone has made in Wisconsin.

The first telephone put into practical use in Wisconsin is said to have been installed at Appleton by a banker, Alfred Galpin, in 1876, less than a year after the invention of the instrument. He constructed a line connecting a drug store with the homes of two local physicians.

The convenience of the telephone was soon recognized, and it grew in popularity. About a year after the first telephone was installed at Appleton, a small exchange of about 25 telephones was opened there. During the same year, a rough, home-made switchboard of pine board construction was placed in service at Milwaukee. The telephone in those days was not as we know it today. It was not uncommon for a subscriber to hear the croaking of frogs, rumbling of cart-wheels and songs of birds when using the telephone.

Improvements in the telephone instrument, switchboard and other equipment came rapidly. With these improvements there was greater satisfaction and convenience in using the service, followed by the steady progress the telephone has enjoyed in Wisconsin until there are now approximately 630 telephone exchanges in the state operated by 363 telephone companies and associations, which together with many rural organizations, are responsible for providing service to communities, ranging in size from cities of thousands of people to farm homes which, before the advent of the telephone, were isolated. The Wisconsin Telephone Company, one of the Associated Companies of the Bell System, is the largest telephone organization in the state, serving approximately 270,000 telephone stations. The foundation for this enterprise was laid in Milwaukee in 1876.

Milwaukee, in fact, played an important part in the early development of the Bell Telephone, the rights for which have been termed "the most valuable single patent ever issued in any country."

Experimental work on the telephone had been going on for more than a year, when, early in July, 1875, Thomas Watson, Professor Bell's assistant, rushed breathlessly up three flights of stairs from his workshop to exclaim—*"I can hear you! I can hear the words!"*

Professor Bell had given himself over to the creature of his dreams so completely that his income, or his existence, rather, had for some time been made possible only by the financial assistance of his prospective father-in-law, Mr. Gardiner G. Hubbard, a prominent Boston lawyer.

THE MAGNIFICENT NEW HOME OFFICE BUILDING OF THE WISCONSIN TELEPHONE COMPANY, LOCATED IN MILWAUKEE.

BELOW IS A VIEW OF THE FIRST LOCATION OF THE TELEPHONE COMPANY IN MILWAUKEE. THE ARROW DESIGNATES THE BUILDING.

With the dawning prospect of success, Mr. Hubbard turned to a friend for whose electrical attainments he had respect, Prof. Charles H. Haskins, then General Superintendent of the Northwestern Telegraph Company, with his office in Milwaukee. To him he sent two hand telephones for inspection and criticism as to their scientific and commercial value. The result was satisfactory and had influence in encouraging Mr. Hubbard to undertake the financial responsibility of backing the enterprise. It is interesting, however, to note that this, though early, was not the introduction to Milwaukee of the absorbing subject of telephony.

The earliest and best authenticated record of the experiments with the telephone in Milwaukee is to be found in the secretary's book of the old Fortnightly Club. Mr. William Ward Wight, who was secretary of this now long disbanded society, has this minute-book with the record, which he has somewhat amplified in a volume upon the life of the late Henry C. Payne, an early president of the Wisconsin Telephone Company and at the time of his death Postmaster General, privately published in 1907, from which the following statement is taken:

"At a meeting of the Fortnightly Club, Milwaukee, held July 15, 1875, at the office of Mr. William W. Wight in the Insurance Building Mr. Elisha Gray, of Chicago, read a paper bearing a new name, about a new subject, the telephone. By means of wires stretched about this office, the hall, and adjoining offices, Mr. Gray illustrated and explained the then astonishing discovery in the transmission of sound. These were the first experiments with the telephone in Wisconsin."

Among the members of the Fortnightly Club present at these experiments, was Mr. Charles H. Haskins, a former telegraph operator, naturally interested in electrical subjects. The telephone appealed to Mr. Haskins, and it was through him that it was introduced in Milwaukee.

His general interest was also stimulated by a desire to establish his only son, Harry, in business, so he made an arrangement with the Bell people and began the construction of the first Milwaukee exchange in 1877. In August 1879, he visited Boston and came back with an agreement for the first license

EVERY NOOK AND CORNER OF WISCONSIN FROM THE STATE CAPITAL TO THE SPARSELY SETTLED AND WOODED NORTH IS CONNECTED TO ITS NEIGHBOR BY TELEPHONE. THE MAP ABOVE SHOWS THE NETWORK OF TOLL LINES OF THE WISCONSIN TELEPHONE COMPANY IN WISCONSIN.

ever given by the Bell Company for exclusive control of territory.

The firm of H. C. Haskins & Co., which had been formed in 1878, became the representative of Bell interests in Milwaukee and a large surrounding territory. Through this firm, local exchange licenses were granted to cities in this field, the firm acting as agent of the American Bell Telephone Company.

They pioneered also in the building of a toll line to Racine, in 1878, which was extended to Chicago, in advance of any possible eastern connections.

In 1879 an office, or agency was opened for the American Bell Telephone Company, in a rear room, on the top floor, back of Mr. Haskins' office as Superintendent for the Northwestern Telegraph Company, at 411 Broadway, Milwaukee. By 1880 the Milwaukee Telephone Exchange Company was established at the same place, with an authorized capital of $200,000.

In 1881 the office was moved to a front room at No. 411 Broadway, and a new switchboard installed, which had been patented and manufactured by the president's son, Harry C. Haskins. He had earlier made the first, rough switchboard of pine boards, with rows of metal strips and spring jacks. It was modeled mainly after the Western Union switchboard of the day. With the second switchboard, call bells were installed, of magneto type. These were an invention of the president, C. H. Haskins.

In 1882, the Wisconsin Telephone Company succeeded the Milwaukee Telephone Exchange Company.

Wisconsin was so much ahead of its neighbors that at the organization of the Wisconsin Telephone Company, in fifteen of the larger cities of the state, telephone exchanges had been established which were local organizations, leasing instruments from the National Bell Telephone Company, while toll lines reached Chicago on the South, and Marinette on the North.

The Wisconsin Telephone Company now has 94 exchanges with 270,000 stations, while its 360 connecting companies have 183,000 stations. The Wisconsin Telephone Company has in use 892,000 miles of exchange wire, and there are more than 80,000 miles of wire in the toll system of the company in the state.

The Wisconsin Telephone Company is one of the largest single owners of land and buildings in Wisconsin. It owns thir-

(Continued on Page 23)

---Courtesy, Wisconsin Historical Society.

JEAN NICOLET DISCOVERS WISCONSIN

Wisconsin History in Wisconsin Schools

By E. G. DOUDNA

Executive Secretary, Wisconsin Teachers' Association

THE history of Wisconsin is an honorable one, and for an American state it is a long one. The first white man came into Wisconsin fourteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and before any Englishman had ventured more than a hundred miles from the Atlantic coast. To teach Wisconsin's history to the pupils in the schools of the Badger state is not alone a duty; it is a positive delight. To follow the explorer, trader, soldier, settler, and missionary through the state when wilderness was king is as fascinating as to read romances of Cooper or Scott. To trace the story of our civilization from the days of the Indian down to these latest days is at once an adventure and a labor of love. To know our state is to understand its past, appreciate its present, and have faith in its future.

It is true that we have long recognized both in theory and practice the necessity for teaching the geography, history, and literature of the United States as a basis for an intelligent and abiding faith in our own country. We have tried also to do something for the geography, history and literature of our own state. But while we have been giving lip service to these matters concerning Wisconsin we have not put them into the foreground of our teaching. Perhaps the Civil War and the reaction from the doctrine of States' rights had a deterent effect upon state consciousness and state patriotism. Yet the history and literature of this state can be presented to the pupils without detracting in the least from their love of country; indeed it would strengthen and make it more intelligent. The state is an important factor in our lives.

The pupil who reads of the devotion and heroism of the early missionaries, Menard, Allouez, and Marquette; the journeys of the explorers, Nicolet, Jolliet, Perrot, La Salle, and Duluth; and the romance of such pioneer families as the Langlades, will certainly feel that the foundations of his state were laid by men of heroic mould. He will know that he has a wonderful heritage, and that he should be loyal to it. But not knowing it, how can he feel a thrill such as comes to the Massachusetts youth who knows well the story of his state? It will not make a boy provincial to know this; it will make him a more loyal citizen to say that we, too, have a past that is worth the telling.

The attempt to reconstruct the past will soon bring both teacher and pupil into contact with the fascinating histories of that great American, Francis Parkman. And to bring young people to these books is like opening a new world of fascinating adventure and excitement. To go with the men who made New France and who opened up the upper Mississippi Valley as they made their weary journeys down unexplored streams, across almost impassable portages, through forests inhabitated by wild animals and wilder savages, with Parkman for a guide, is a privilege that will never be forgotten. The taste for reading developed in this way may become a life-long habit. With Parkman to lead the way, a great field of profitable and interesting reading will have been opened to our young people.

The entire story of Wisconsin has never been told, perhaps never can be, but several books about our state have been written. For most of us the principal source of information will be the writings of the late Mr. Thwaites, who for many years was the secretary of one of the most important societies in the United States, the Wisconsin Historical Society. The wonderful building which houses its library and other material at Madison is one of the ornaments of our state. The present officers of the society are producing an intensive study of the history of Wisconsin, two volumes of which have already appeared. While the other material is being gathered we shall have to use such books as have already been prepared.

To teach the story of the state well means also the use of other material than that found in the text and library books. The Blue Books of 1917, 1919, 1923, and 1925 are indispensable and easily available. An outline map of the state is necessary. The map prepared by the Railroad Commission is to be found in almost every school. Pupils should make constant use of these maps. The outline blackboard may well show the development from day to day as the story is unrolled. Every day the map must aid the development of the story and give to it "a local habitation and a name." The map supplied by the State Highway Commission is a most valuable aid in the location of important points of historical interest. Pupils should locate these on the outline map.

That portion of the story of the state which is taught in the fourth and fifth grades may be illustrated by the use of the sand-table. Trails, roads, mounds, Indian villages, "first" places can be reconstructed. Pictures may be colored or drawn by the pupils. Many localities have most important historical associations. Stories written in the language class and illustrated during the drawing are projects worth doing. In these grades the teacher should tell many of the stories herself. The resourceful teacher will find almost no limit to the material which she may use to re-create the scenes and incidents of our past. Pictures may be obtained in almost every home, and in every public library can be found a wealth of material to supplement the textbook. The important thing is to re-live the past. Every device that will aid in this is worthy of consideration. It ought not to be difficult to adapt the suggestion of any good book on history methods to the teaching of local history.

The principal teaching of Wisconsin history will be done in the seventh and eighth grades in connection with the history of the United States. A period of from three to six weeks may be set aside for a thorough study of the leading events of state history. In the long run this is probably the most economical procedure. The method suggested by implication in the Common School Manual may appeal to many. Here the study of the state would go hand in hand with that of the nation, when, for example, French discoveries and explorations were being made in this state. This would seem to require considerable attention to organization, and it also is open to the objection that it allows of no opportunity to study the special phases of Wisconsin history that have no direct connection with the rest of the United States as ordinarily taught. And Wisconsin history contains much of this kind of material. The transition from territory to statehood is just mentioned in the histories of the nation, but is a most interesting chapter of state history. Wisconsin's part in the events leading up to and including the Civil War may be closely correlated with the history of that war as the texts give it. The Black Hawk war is usually suggested in the United States histories, but the story of Red Bird is an episode in Wisconsin history seldom mentioned. Whether the direct or incidental method is used in presentation, a thorough review which separates the leading events of Wisconsin's history from those of the nation is necessary if the thing we are aiming at is to be achieved.

—Courtesy, Wisconsin Historical Society

HENNEPIN'S MAP, 1683, SHOWING THE ROYAL ARMS FASTENED TO A TREE THIS WAS MADE DURING THE FRENCH REGIME IN WISCONSIN.

The geography of Wisconsin should go hand-in-hand with a study of its history. Each helps explain the other. The peculiar situation of Wisconsin at the headwaters of the two great drainage systems of North America has had much to do with its history. And a study of history will help make clear much of the political geography of the state. Suppose the class undertakes to explain the origin of as many names as possible as they locate the places on the map. They will constantly be driven to their history. What about the Indian names? French names? English names? What about the origin of the name of the state itself? Why it is called the Badger State? Here is a large field, and one worth exploring. An intelligent curiosity about names and places is worth arousing and worth satisfying.

The place of Wisconsin in industry is important. The contributions of the inventors of our state are not too well known. Everybody knows that the Babcock milk test is a Wisconsin invention. Do many of our citizens know that we also contributed the twine binder and the steel roller mill for the making of flour to the bread and butter industry of the world? Yet without the Appleby binder and the Stevens process of milling hard wheat the great wheat fields of the north and northwest could never have been developed. The typewriter is a Wisconsin invention, as is also the thermostat which controls the temperature of every modern school house. This chapter of our state history would alone make us proud of the record of the mechanical and inventive genius of our state. These things should not go untaught.

Wisconsin's place in literature, while not equal to that of New England, is at least worthy of more than passing mention. We have seen Miss Zona Gale recognized as one of the greatest of realists in the field of American fiction. So too is Hamlin Garland, known wherever good books are read and loved. Every teacher of American history should read his **"A Son of the Middle Border."**

The story of our development from the days of the explorer and forest ranger to the modern era of progressive American statehood is as interesting if not as important as the stories of the pioneers of any other state. A thorough grounding in its history will make every boy and girl anxious to be true to the motto of his state, "Forward", and to sing with enthusiasm and meaning, "On Wisconsin."

Uncle Abner's Big Gift

By CHARLES E. WHELAN

IT'S bin some years sence I swallered my Adam's apple an' says, "I do," when the minister asked, "Who gives this woman away?" at our dawter's weddin'. I've bin wond'rin' ever sence what he'd a-done ef I'd let him stan' there 'thout hevin' his question ansered, er ef I'd said: "Derned ef I do!" Yuh see, they hed tol' me he wuz goin' t' ask the question an' it wuz up t' me t' anser it' an' thet I wuz t' speak up loud so't ev'rybody'd hear it. I wan't no ways anxious fer the job, in fack I couldn't see but what I'd be cheerin' at the chanst t' git rid uv the dawter ef I showed so much strength uv voice in it, an' I tried t' git Mandy (that's my wife) t' do it, 'stead uv me. She c'd pull out her tremelo stop an' put the right kin' uv feelin' inter the sayin' uv it. Besides thet, she'd hed all the say 'bout the girl all her life, an' I'd jes tagged 'long, an' said, "All right," when anythin' wuz perposed fer her. Why sh'd I shout out in meetin' now an' boost the perceedin's when I hedn't never said nuthin' before?

But Mandy she 'lowed 'twas my job an' I'd hev t' do it, an' then the dawter she says:

"Now, dad, please don't go an' spoil it all."

"But I ain't stuck on this here givin away business," I says. "Yew've went an' gone an' give yerself away. I ain't hed nuthin' t' do with it, an' I don' see no reason fer me lyin' t' the preacher, when him an' all the folks what'll be there'll know I hain't hed nuthin' t' say 'bout it."

"Why, the boy come an' ast yuh like a gentleman, didn' he?" says Mandy.

"When?" I shouted. "When did he come t' me? Did he knock on my castle gate with the hilt uv his s'ord an' beg a audyence with me, an' then say: 'Sir Knight Brown, I hev long beheld yer dawter fr'm afar (fr'm AFAR mind yuh) an' I hum'ly crave yer permission t' offer her my heart an' han'?' Did he? No! He hung on my castle gate 'til it got knockkneed, a'talkin' direck t' the daughter uv the house. Then she got him as fur as the castle gardens in the front yard—er, lawn, so t' speak,—so Ma c'd look him over at a distance, 'thout his knowin' it, an' pass on his gen'ral structor an' leg movement an' sich."

"Papa!" exclaimed the dawter.

"Were I called t' the council uv investigation? I were not. Then he were lassoed an' brung in fer a close-to by Ma, on the front porch. He were settin' there a-spillin' words 'bout freely; they was runnin' say 'bout hundred an' twenty words t' the minute, when out come Ma an' the word-pourin' machine got jammed 'mejitly. She jest santered out cas'ly, as though she didn' know they was anybody there. She hed the chanst she wuz lookin' fer uv sizin' the boy up. She didn' see him more'n three minutes that time, but she c'd tell the color uv his eyes an' hair, how long sence he'd had a hair cut, whether his finger nails was home-trimmed er foreign-manicured, how long he'd worn his shoes, if he'd hed thet same shirt on one day er mebbe four, the approximate cost uv his necktie, an' ef his clo'es was tailor-made er just plain hand-me-downs."

"Abner!" says Mandy.

"Where was I a-durin' this ceremony? Not present, ner accounted fer. No, Pa was bein' held in reserve t' tell the preacher thet he give his dawter away. Haw! Haw! Yuh see I wan't pausin' fer interrupshuns. Then Ma begins feedin' the boy. When the Ma begins feedin' yew kin bet yer las' suspender button thet the dawter hez a backer in getin' herself give away. Then when he's sampled Ma's cookin' sufficient, the dawter's kitchen handiness and cul-in-ry expertness is interduced ez a subjick uv discussion— not shuvved inter the conversation, but 'lowed t' trickle in like a soft breeze orf the apple blossoms. An' the boy hez a piece uv dawter's angel food, made with her own dear hand's with jest a touch uv regret thet it didn't hev a lettle more sugar in it, er thet the eggs wan't beat three secon's longer, an' the boy is in 'bout the right state uv min' t' hev the girl giv' t' him—Heh! Heh! thrun at 'im!"

"HE HUNG ON MY CASTLE GATE 'TIL IT GOT KNOCK-KNEED"

"Yew've said 'bout 'nuff, Abner Brown. Yew'd orter be 'shamed uv yerself," Mandy, she said thet, uv course. Then she said: "Be yew, er ain't yew goin' t' say yer part tew the weddin'?"

"Oh," I says, "I s'pose ef I hev tew, I hev tew."

"Humph! (sniff) Humph!" says Mandy, an' she took the dawter and marched orf with her nose up in the air, 'sif I warn't fitten t' 'sociate with 'em.

I got t' thinkin' afterwards thet I'd gotter say them words, an' wanted t' say 'em jest right. So I begun practicin' on 'em. I went up in the back wood lot, where they wan't nobody an' said 'em. I said 'em high an' I said 'em low; I said 'em loud and I said 'em soft; I whispered 'em an' I shouted 'em; I emphersized "I" an' I emphersized "do." I come down in the paster an' said 'em t' the cow. I raised my voice an' lowered it; I slid up the scale an' down. She jest looked 'roun' at me, cawfed an' went back eatin'. I was saying it t' myself on the way down town an' a kid wanted t' know ef "Aunt Mandy" hed sent me fer suthin' an' I was 'fraid uv fergettin' it. I fin'ly made up my min' jest how it sh'd be spoke.

A-durin' the weddin', while the preacher was goin' through the preliminaries uv prayin' an' so forth, I was'n mindin' what was goin' on 'tall. I was seein' the little crib bed 'lonk side ours, an' a little girl in it, close 'nuff so't I c'd reach my hand over an' pat her ef she was disturbed in the night. First I knowed Mandy give me a dig an' the preacher was lookin' at me solemncholy. I come to an' said "I do," 'thout thinkin' uv jest how I'd fixed it up, an' he went 'long. Afterwards, when I was kissin' dawter, she whispered:

"Yew did that beautifully, daddy."

(Conitnued on Page 23)

Some Gems from the Pens

MY COUNTRY

I challenge, each country on earth,—against mine!
Come hither and see what my country can show thee.
The grandeur, the graces, the goodness of thine
I challenge, but thou canst accept or decline.

Behold thou! The height and the depth and the plain!
The heavenly dome, as the clouds on it gather
Like the spirits of night,—But they gather in vain:
The sun-god shall conquer the storm and the rain.

Behold thou: The giants that hot breezes broil,
The mountains, the glens with their trolls and their treasures,
The wonderful valleys with rich virgin soil,
With wealth and with blessings for millions who toil!

Behold thou: The swift flowing fountains that spring
Towards Thee, Father of waters; their beautiful shores!
The farms fine and fertile;—each fit for a king!
The woods with their game and their songsters that sing.

Behold thou: The churches! The buildings of state!
The schools and the homes and the great works of art!
The handsome surroundings, both light and sedate.
The trade and the traffic, both early and late.

Behold thou: The people so active, so bright!
They spring from each lineage,—each land of the globe.
The giants of justice and freedom and right!
The chief of the nation; who points to the light!

Behold thou: The ships of the sea and the air
And the camps with their standard,—Old Glory!
See she beckons and beams on her boys dark and fair!
They will follow the Stars-and-the-Stripes everywhere.

Behold, thou: That flag, as it floats in the breeze!
Sublime in her grace, in her glorified ease!
Behold,—Thou hast seen this country of mine!
I have caught the delight in thy look,—now and then.
Wilt thou answer me, friend:—Can that country of thine
My blessed and beautiful country outshine?

I challenge....No. No; let us rather be friends;
As I know that to thee thy own country is fairest.
If we fight let us fight for all nations, all lands!
Let us be brothers and friends! So come and shake hands! —Palma Pendersen.

INDIAN SUMMER

The sunlight on the dappled leaves
Streams from a hazy sky;
A tang of fall is in the breeze,
The wild geese sail on high.

The pungent scent of burning things
Is wafted on the air,
Its smoky incense curls aloft
And haunts us everywhere.

The spider weaves her gossamer,
And busily doth spin,
She knows not of the winter time,
But counts all rest a sin.

A lazy lilt is in the wind,
Which beckons us to bask
Within the sheen of autumn sun,
Remote from every task.

And even life itself stands still,
Methinks, a little while;
It lingers dreamily to feel
The summer's parting smile.

Oh, wondrous time of balminess,
Of softly drowsy ways,
You lull us to forgetfulness
Of winter's frozen days.

You let us drift with ne'er a thought,
Of icy storm clouds nigh,
And while you stay we give no heed
To summer's last good-bye.

And so we gently, softly glide
Upon a lightsome way;
Ah, maze of summer memories,
Cling to our hearts for aye.
—*Alice Phelps Rider.*

LAKE PEPIN

The mighty Mississippi pauses here,
Its swirling current calmed into a smile,
A mirror for the cliffs whose heights beguile
The drifting clouds and bring the Heavens near!
Across the placid waters moves a sail,
Above, an eagle soaring toward its nest,
The sunset glory sinking in the west,
A wake of rippling color in its trail!

Here let us pause, and smiling meditate
Upon the message of the Mother Stream,
Whose beauty brings again the childhood dream
Long lost behind ambition's prison gate!
Here let us dedicate our new-found youth
Unfettered, to the selfless quest of truth!
—Sam Bryan.

LAKE FREEZING

The lake is breathing gently.
Watch her breath
Congealing on the blue mirror of the air.
An icy hand shuts in.
Helpless she lies.
Only that gentle breathing tells she lives.
Another day will find her cold and still.
—Mary Katharine Reely.

# of Wisconsin's Poets

IN THE MUSEUM

There is something strange in the immobility of
  these objects:
Canoes and snow shoes,
The weapons and pottery of a dark age;
Implements of pioneer toil,
Idle spinning wheel,
Soundless harpsichord,
Cooking utensils placed before a hearth
As if by the hand of the housewife;
Old vehicles,
Antique garments that hang grotesquely.
I move among them, and it is as if
A pageant of the universe
Brushed against the eyes of my mind.
Yet I move, and they move not.

They wait.
They are rigid, yet ready for motion.
They are like a clock stopped,
A pendulum stayed from swinging.
They are the flux of human things,
Caught,
Held motionless,
Waiting.

—Julia Grace Wales.

CAPITOL DOME

Lifted high above the house tops
The white dome rests against a bank
  of cumulous clouds.
All the roads run straight,
Guided to the white dome.

The wind is in the east today
And the factory smoke drifts in,
Guided straight to the white dome.

MY COTTAGE THAT IS TO BE

There's a sandy slope that is mostly stone,
  There's a birch and a white pine tree,
There's a strip of lake shore all my own
  For my cottage-that-is-to-be.

There's a bit of soil on my rough hill side
  Where the ferns grow all for me.
And a glimmering, shimmering lake beside
  My cottage-that-is-to-be.

When worry and trouble and toil are mine
  I just shut my eyes and see
The lake and the rocks and the birch and the
  pine
  And—my cottage-that-is-to-be.

—Elizabeth Robinson.

GEORGE

For years he worked at Smith and Coe's,
Hobbling about on his broken feet.
Oft pain asked toll in George's toes,
But naught in him could sour the sweet.
And as he limped from tray to tray,
We saw him smile and heard him say,
  "Today may be a poor day,
  But tomorrow will be better."

Now George has punched the clock of Time
And got his earned, eternal wage:
He died this eve a death sublime.
His genial soul passed from our stage
As calmly as the sun's last ray.
We saw him smile and heard him say,
  "Today may be a poor day,
  But tomorrow will be better."

—Oscar H. Bauer.

LINES BY A HORSE ON A BITTER COLD DAY

Beside me on the curb you're rolled,
  And warm fur robes around you cast,
While I, uncovered, shake with cold
  In blinding snow and chilling blast;
You are a flivver—I'm a horse.

And it is right that robes of fur
  Be wrapped around your fragile form,
For injury you might incur
  If left uncovered to the storm—
While we'll be immune, of course;
  I'm not a car—I'm just a horse.

Exposed, and standing all day long
  In wintry winds that cut like steel,
Is good for horses, who are strong,
  But I confess some grief I feel;
I was created by the Lord.—
  I wish it had been Henry Ford!

WHEN WE LOVE THEE MOST

O Wisconsin! Thy mythic past we laud:
Thy ice-bound origin; thy brawny,
  scalp-mad
Chieftains; and thy daring French
  who bade
Farewell to friend, to fortune, and to
  God.
We praise thy steadfast progress, Star o'
  the North:
Strong warrior,—statesman,—lusty
  pioneer;—
All who cause thy name to be more dear;
All who bring thy fame and prowess
  forth.

But more than any structure, man, or
  book
Connected with thy worth, we cherish
  well
Thy innate beauties choice,—each glint-
  ing brook.
Each purple forest aisle, live dune, still
  dell.
And in the blue-skied spring we know
  our boast
Is fine and fitting; then we love thee
  most.

—B. M. C.

AT TWILIGHT

You ought to see the great big moon
  A-sailin' o'er our Whitefish Lake
And hear the callin' o' the loon
  A-wailin' for his lost love's sake.

You ought to see the mirrored trees,
  The clouds, the sky, and everything,
All painted there with perfect ease
  Beneath the fleeting night hawk's wing.

You ought to hear the vespers sung
  By feathered choirs at Day's twilight,
Each crystal note a pearl that's hung
  About the throat of brooding Night.

—*Arnold Andrews.*

Badger Craftswoman Has Unique Paper Mill

By Harriet Pettibone Clinton

IN the heart of the Fox River Valley, where one-fourth of all the paper in the United States is manufactured, lives the only woman in these United States who makes paper by hand.

While Appleton's many paper mills are turning out millions of tons of paper yearly, Mrs. Georgia Wheaton in a basement room of one of the dormitories of Lawrence College, carefully and with the painstaking ardor of the artist and expert craftsman, executes a few hundred sheets and envelopes.

And while the paper boxes, news print, towels and more than fifty other paper products made in the high-stacked, whirring mills by thousands of men whose goal is mechanical perfection have made the Fox River Valley famous, the beautiful-surfaced, lovely stationery which Mrs. Wheaton has created by applying finishes of her own origin to crude papers thrown away by the mills, is also bringing fame to the Valley. For Mrs. Wheaton is winning a name for herself in aesthetic circles from East to West because of her unique craft and Wisconsin can proudly claim as its citizen one more of the pioneers of various sorts who have been her rich heritage.

The Artists' Guild of Chicago has conferred membership upon Mrs. Wheaton in recognition of the artistic success of her craft. The mill owners whose business it is to eliminate irregularities in the stationery they manufacture, are charmed with them as they occur in Mrs. Wheaton's work, for her papers win instant approval from those who are interested in the aesthetic. As Mary H. Buehr of the Chicago Art Institute wrote her when asking permission to take some samples of her work as illustrations for a lecture on the aesthetic to Women's clubs of Illinois, "It is so wonderful to find real examples of women who have found beauty and interest at their very doors, unseen by others."

The fact that Georgia Wheaton's home is in Appleton with its surrounding paper mills is significant in the development of her craft which has had three separate stages—the finishing of crude papers; actual making of the sheets of paper themselves; and experimentation with water marks.

She was reared in Southern California, where her life had been as carefree and sunny as the seasons. She loved friends, gaiety, and prodigality of California's flowers and fragrance, and all the warmth and happiness of that clime. The eucalyptus of Southern California is still the motif of the very original crafts-mark of her studio products. Snow she had seen but once and then in a temperature something above freezing. Wisconsin seemed wintry—almost bleak—when she came to Appleton eight years ago.

MRS. GEORGIA WHEATON AT WORK IN HER TINY PAPER MILL. WITH HER ARM OVER THE HAND-MADE DECKLE TO HOLD IT FIRMLY IN PLACE, SHE IS ABOUT TO PUT A PORTION OF PULP INTO A PITCHER OF WATER WHICH SHE WILL THEN POUR INTO THE MOLD TO MAKE A SHEET OF PA PER.

Being the wife of a man interested in paper, her first warm reaction was toward the paper mills of the Valley. The theme of paper was most sympathetic. She had a feeling for paper. She had always loved to fashion her own greeting cards of lovely papers and used to make envelopes to put them in.

A distinct flair for the aesthetic, combined with early training in painting and design which she has continuously developed, made these cards genuinely interesting. So she was eager to visit the mills. But as a proud owner or manager boasted the efficiency of the great maze of machinery through which he was leading her, she displayed, to his astonishment, most concern over the waste papers she saw lying about. "What will you do with these?" and she pointed time after time. The answer was always the same. "Nothing. They are no good." Standardization, uniformity, was sought; economy of time and labor, and cost. Irregularities were discarded as useless. Units varying slightly from the normal were cast aside as waste.

The pity of it finally became too much for her. "May I have this—and this—and this?"

As playthings are given to an eager child, waste pieces were laughingly handed to her. To the donor they were crude and hopeless in their partially calendered state, but to Mrs. Wheaton they offered endless possibilities. She acquired a room in a cellar next door and a queer lot of implements. With these she went to work and it is from five years' efforts in that work room that the lovely products of today have emerged.

She knew in a general way the theory of the machine processes of finishing but she had no guidance other than her own ingenuity in originating the methods she used in her hand made processes. Yet she so loved the thrill of seeing beauty develop that she kept on until what she was able to accomplish was little short of marvelous. Her finishes are so charmingly deceiving that no one would suspect that one of her loveliest tan numbers began by being ordinary wrapping paper such as is used in all meat markets; and that the rich tonal quality of a more formal white piece gives the life to its origin, which was a piece of ordinary white bond.

One of the first things she had to work out was how to simulate the machine-made deckling or rough edges. So she experimented with wood chips and other sharp instruments until she finally found a way of tearing the paper which gives the desirable, ragged appearance to the edges. As machine-made paper can be deckled only upon two sides, Mrs. Wheaton's "deckling" is not only a triumph in method but a distinct one in the contour of her sheets.

In the tonal quality, tints, and texture of her papers, no mill owner would recognize the raw pieces he gave her. But she has done more than finish the paper, she has added beautiful and exotic envelopes lined in the choicest offerings of the Orient. For she does not hesitate to use the best of every land.

Her art is not alone in the creation of materials but in combining and creating a consistent and beautiful whole out of what she masses together. Upon some of the lining papers she has printed her own designs in black and various colors. A few she has colored by hand.

Last year Mrs. Wheaton despoiled her studio, took down the Chinese drapes, the bright rugs and copper kettle for making tea, and installed in their places barrels of wet, white stuff that faintly resembles mush; sinks and pipes with running water; a small electric motor, and what looks like old-fashioned letter presses. Water spurts unexpectedly through copper screenings and pipes, warm to the touch, run here and there and finally encircle another press, which its owner says is a dryer.

Mrs. Wheaton, like every good craftsman, was ambitious to get down to the source of her craft, and began to experiment with the actual making of the paper from the wet, white wood pulp in the barrels. She literally rolled back the centuries to a remote age in China when man first thrilled to the making of sheets of paper from beaten wood pulp. Like those ancients, she, too, thrilled, and branched out according to her ingenuity. Like a woman learning by many trials to make a cake, Mrs. Wheaton experimented with her ingredients until she obtained a successful recipe for paper.

The acme of the paper workers' art is water marks and Mrs. Wheaton is now at work on them. To accompany a talk on hand-made papers which various women's study clubs of Wisconsin have urged her to make this coming year, Mrs. Wheaton has with great difficulty procured some unique photographs from China of actual work upon paper making, which, with some of her own pictures, she has converted into stereopticon slides.

Dere Editor

A "True Confession" Story of the Trials and Tribulations of a Small Town Editor

By J. PAUL PEDIGO

A pleasant feature of newspaper work is the speed and vigor of the readers' reactions. The voice of the subscriber is the law of the newspaper. The voice is never still—there's a legislative body that never adjourns! Old Subscriber scans your columns from masthead to classified section. When he sees a mistake, or something he thinks is a mistake, or something he thinks might be mistaken for a mistake, he lets you know. He feels that his subscription has given him a perpetual lien on your time. To give him credit, frequently his point is well taken. Often it isn't, but the wise editor doesn't try to convince him. His brother, Vox Populi, scrutinizes your morals as closely as Old Subscriber does your facts. He is interested in whether your society columns show a leaning toward those he terms the "pampered classes". He wants to be sure that you utter no felonous and traitorous opinions with regard to labor, capital, socialism and the Grand Old Republican (or Democratic) Party. Especially he exerts himself to see that you never depreciate Sunday Blue Laws. He, too, lets you know, he pens fiery denunciations, and, before you have deciphered them, has written you more calling you names and daring you to print the first. Sometimes Vox Pop is right—sometimes.

I remember my introduction to these gentlemen. One of my first assignments was interviewing an "oldest inhabitant" of a Wisconsin city. Our editor, to be frank, wanted the old fellow's obituary as a measure of precaution, for the title bid fair to pass on to younger shoulders before many months. I didn't want to put it quite that badly to the old chap, so I asked for his reminiscences. He told of coming to the city back in the days when (the exact details do not matter,) a creek ran along what is now Main Street, branching off where the post office stands. I compiled his recollections to the extent of a column and a half of brevier. Next day Old Subscriber wrote to say that we had had a splendid article about our esteemed fellow townsman, etc., but that he noted one or two slight errors, due, undoubtedly, to the ignorance and carelessness of the reporter. For example, he went on, everyone familiar with the history of the city knew that the creek never ran anywhere near Main Street. We printed his letter, and I sought solitary places, mystified but abashed. Scarcely was the paper off the press than a scathing letter from Vox Populi, breathing fire and wrath, reached the office. He invoked the gods to smite us for our ignorance. What dolts we must be, he continued, not to know that the creek never ran along Main Street, but that it did cross the street at the postoffice. A little later a communication from another of the clan, Constant Reader, came to tell us with gentle irony that even the children knew the creek neither paralleled the street nor crossed it, but that Big Bend, with which everyone in town was familiar, had swung around and just touched the street at the postoffice. The editor was a man of more valor, perhaps, than tact. Instead of dropping these and following protests into the wastebasket and forgetting about them, he printed them all. When I left the city, a year later, the septe-

EVERYONE FAMILIAR WITH THE HISTORY OF THE CITY KNEW THAT THE CREEK NEVER RAN ANYWHERE NEAR MAIN STREET

genarians, octogenarians, nonogenarians and centenarians were still trying to convince each other of the course of that ancient stream.

That's typcial of the way innocent statements may stir up the ink-pots and let loose floods of debate. I must hasten to explain that I am not speaking of the "Letters from Readers" departments which so many papers have adopted in recent years. These were intended to offer subscribers opportunity of expressing their opinions and are, in a sense, outgrowths of the troublous mails that editors in other circumstances receive; but it would perhaps be more accurate to say that these departments are tactful subterfuges on the part of the editor. There is a vast difference between a letter addressed to such a department and one to the editor himself, unsolicited, written in the conviction that the editor won't dare print it, anyhow, and that therefore the writer might as well say what he thinks.

EDITOR GUFF—A FLORID WRITER, DEADLY SERIOUS

Not all such letters come from vehement members of the "masses". Many of them, it is true, are hastily written, full of misspelled words, obviously not produced by highly intelligent nor highly educated individuals. Some are mere scribblings, that require the sternest scrutiny to yield up sense. On the other hand, many are thoughtful, even scholarly in tone, revealing unusual education on the part of the writers. One not infrequently finds excellent criticisms of the day's events in such letters.

There are subscribers who seem to have a mania for writing. The less they have to say, the more words they say it in. They write when they haven't the stationery, and use paper the pork chops came in. They write when they haven't the mental equipment to justify the attempt.

Any man who opens the letters that come to a newspaper is due for a shock. Mine came early. I had just been promoted to the city editorship of a Wisconsin paper, since deceased. (May I apologize parenthetically for the unfortunate juxtaposition of these two statements, and add that so far as I know no causal relation exists.) Very proud of my new responsibilities, I was going through the afternoon mail. I picked up a letter which, on expensive stationery, was addressed to "City Editor—Personal." It was written in a woman's delicate, Spencerian hand. The letter began:

Dear Sir:

I am writing you to ask if you think it will be all right, as I am single and know so few people in the city, and besides Edwards say there won't be any rain. You know, the first of last month wasn't very happy for any of us, and that is why I thought you, being the editor of a fine paper like yours, which is the best one in town, and I don't care who hears me say it.

There were four pages of it, four pages of the most guileless gibberish I had ever read. The signature was indecipherable. I traced that letter, after a week's detective work and with the assistance of the postal authorities. It had been sent by our society editor! She was seeking revenge (she certainly got it) for some fancied injury on my part. If I remember, she had telephoned for Father Cassidy one afternoon and, on being told he was not at home, seemed rather doubtful over what to do next. It was then, unless recollection fails me, that I suggested mildly that she ask for Mrs. Cassidy—which she did.

Unfortunately, not all such letters are hoaxes. Here's one that was written in utter earnestness—I still have the original. I have made only one or two slight changes, to eliminate local references, and I have followed spelling and punctuation. It reads:

Sir:

Mr. Editor I Noticed a Editorial in this Evenings Paper pertain to Irish oath to a English King It may Suet Pro-British readers who knows as much of Anglo-Irish history as Arabens of Timbucktoo as a Irishman from the State Michigan No Irishman who belongs to that Race which Loves Liberty Dear Than Else in the world he would be traitor to Patrick Pearse and his noble men of Easter week and to Terence McSweeney who gave his Life so Liberty should Live Everywhere and Ireland should a place in Sun as a Free Land which her God Given Right. Therefore I am with Irishman who has Courage to tell Mr. Loydge George he Can put the Irish Free State on Wall No. 10 Downing Street for some future English or Welsh or Scotch Statemen to remind of Noble offer he had made to Irish if faithful to German and Danish King George V Long Live Liberty and the Irish Republic.

It probably will be objected by some who glance through that letter, or who hear it read aloud, that the sense is there and is merely disguised by misspellings and lack of punctuation. Such a disguise is always a possibility, but I believe anyone who attempts to study this missive will soon be disillusioned. Certainly many of the statements make sense. But what is it all about? You have a hazy idea, which becomes hazier the longer you study the letter, that the writer is intensely pro-Irish and that he has objected to something in an editorial. What else? Not much, I'm afraid. There is nothing in the letter that I have been able to find that bears out the promise of the beginning of the letter—say down to "Timbucktoo". This much, stripped of mistakes and correctly punctuated, is cogent and direct. One characteristic of such letters is that they begin simply and convincingly.

The letter above, however, is like crystal to another I have. A man skilled in punctuation and deduction might, I will admit, translate the Irish plea into

A PLUMBER WHO USED TO DISCUSS THE CITY'S POLITICS IN "BALLADS"

something readable, aside from the sanity of the message it conveys. I don't believe this next one could be handled by anyone except a psychiatrist. It came to me scribbled in pencil on cheap paper, in a cramped hand. In typing it I have inserted in several cases parenthetical suggestions as to words the writer may have intended. Here is how the letter reads:

monday I Sent you a Letter and told you abott a friend of all this City if You Don't I am gont to tell The paper boy not to sell you paper and I am gont to tell all this city bout you. We want to put this letter story of a friend of all this city you will Lose more than you thorw. This is what we want you to Put In Date Oct. 3. Miss Ida Blank was 20 year of age. She was live all hear yeank (years?) Day. This ia lone field (friend?) to all miss Ida is so pritty But pritty Dont take the place of her dere and good Girl she good Lisse and decen (decent? descent?) she done good wich no Boy (no body?) sen we know. We know her sen (since?) we know her at 3 year old There had a big Groce store She come from a Royal Famly—and will offer to go thare get money in Italy—who get this Girl know what to get we sent 10 lbs candy and 10 lbs. cake 8 Lires all in whit and 20 candles and she sent two cakes 5 lbs. each and 5 doze pear we holp she anzoe we holp Good Luck and marrie sun And a good happy boy woid Love her Dont worry she make a Good wife.

Good by you get a good Love girl and nice girls that was 5000 boy and I was live near hear house and not even one time like earth (other?) girl Do. plea put in the paper for us

That final request, needless to say, was not granted!

So much for that extreme. Occasionally an editor receives a letter that reveals both skill and diabolical ingenuity. These humiliate him, sometimes, but they teach him valuable lessons. They give him a healthy skepticism, and

(Continued on Page 22)

How Wisconsin Citizens Are Protected From Making Suckers of Themselves

Tricks Used by Slick Confidence Men and How the Blue Sky Law Reduces the Sale of Fake Securities

By W. A. MAY

"THERE is one born every minute," P. T. Barnum, the famous showman, once said in speaking of suckers.

Whether this statement is literally true or not, the fact remains that the people of the United States are cheated out of $5,000,000 or more annually by the sale of fake stocks and bonds.

Forty-six states have already passed Blue Sky Laws, named from the fact that the enforcement of these laws is designed to prevent stocks and bonds from being sold by promoters whose promises are as limitless as the blue sky.

The schemes and tricks used by these smooth and easy-going men range from the sale of tips at horse races up to the giant swindling schemes of Ponzi's and Koretz's.

The man who advertises that upon the receipt of a dollar he will mail you the name of the winning horse merely selects many cities scattered about the country as the number of horses entered in the race, and sends the name of the same horse to the applicants of one city. Since one horse is bound to win the race the lucky applicants from the one city which happened to receive the winner's name will be loud in their praise of the man who sold authoritative tips and will drown out any little expression of dissatisfaction from the other cities. We all hate to admit that we have been made the goat, and so the people in the other cities usually prefer to keep silent.

Most people are familiar with the breezy individual who steps out of his automobile, walks briskly up to them, and asks,

"Well, neighbor, how are you today? I've got a little proposition here that I'd like to talk over with you; it's a chance that comes once in a lifetime."

And then he goes on and tells you about this new company that has got a lease on an oil field that is just overflowing with oil and how the company is going to pay 30% the first year, 50% the second year, and 100% or more the third year.

It is arguments like this, coming from some smooth and unscrupulous oil man, that lead many men who are successful in other lines but who are ignorant about the oil business to buy worthless securities. The promoters like to go after the small investor, like the farmer who has just sold his farm and is expecting to retire and live comfortably on the savings of a lifetime; they watch the real estate transfers; and they learn when insurance money or death benefits have been paid. It is at times like these, when there is a lot of money available, that a person is more easily led to buy stocks and bonds. Almost everybody has dreamed that some day in some way he will be able to make $1 suddenly turn into $5.

People who have dreamed of getting rich quick are easily influenced by a letter like the following:

"Dear Sir:

"We are sending you, enclosed, a brief description of a new industrial proposition, from which, if you accept and act promptly enough to get in on the ground floor, you will, within a few months, make $1,000.00 for every $10.00 you now invest at the present price of the stock. This is an industrial improvement that will have a much better value than the Bell Telephone Company, the stock of which increased from the ground floor price of 50 cents to $4,000.00 a share.

"The stock of this corporation will increase more than $1,000.00 a share each and every year.

"If you will intelligently examine the printed matter we are sending you, you will find from the evidence therein presented that not only is this statement of great profit making absolutely truthful and correct, but that its returns are certain of realization and the security as good as the United States government can give in bonds."

But there are other ways of approaching would-be victims other than by letter. One of these is the trick of the company which buys the use of a prominent man's name as president at the start, and then puts another man in his place without anyone's being aware of the change. And then there is the trick of advertising advice and information about stocks, used just as a bait for suckers. Another way is to unload worthless oil leases by floating new corporations into existence with alluring promises of returns, and selling stocks and bonds to small investors.

And then there is the way of swindling the public that was used by Ponzi and Koretz. It is the method of getting people to buy stock and then having these people advertise the wonderful opportunities of the stock and the high dividends it pays by urging them along by making the first few dividends pay. And how do they make the first few dividends pay? By paying them off with the money received from more recent victims. In this way the sale of the stock is greatly stimulated.

Wisconsin, however, is every day battling the schemes and tricks of these promoters of fake securities. The Wisconsin Blue Sky Law, as administered by the Securities Division of the Railroad Commission, is aimed at such persons.

The Wisconsin Law makes it impossible for a bank to begin business without a certificate from the commissioner which states that the bank is organized along proper lines and that the capital is paid in cash. A requirement of an annual bank report and periodic bank investigations by the commissioner are further means of protecting the depositors in the bank and the purchasers of stock.

A few of the other high points of the law make it necessary for a company or corporation which wishes to increase its capital stock or issue bonds of indebtedness to have the step approved by the railroad commissioner and to be licensed to sell stocks and bonds. A company outside the state of Wisconsin must be licensed also if it desires to sell stocks and bonds in the state of Wisconsin. Citizens of Wisconsin are fairly well protected from being made victims of bogus stocks and bonds if they will but ask the stock or bond salesman to show a license signed by the commissioner.

In the annual report of the Securities Division a list of the securities authorized, a list of the applications withdrawn and denied, and a list of the permits that have been cancelled, suspended, or reinstated is given. The report of the division also lists authorized brokers. In this way the division makes information about the ratings of companies, corporations, and brokers easily accessible for prospective investors, and decreases the possibility of the sale of worthless stocks and bonds.

But the Wisconsin Blue Sky Law is not a new invention. Several bills attempting Blue Sky legislation had failed to pass before 1913. It was in 1913, however, that the first Wisconsin law, designed "to curb the general sale of worthless and fraudulent securities", was passed. The law was either changed or amended by each successive legislature until in 1919 the legislature repealed the old law and passed a new law that forms the basis of the present Wisconsin Blue Sky Law.

There are, in this state, about 30,000 alumni of the University of Wisconsin. This is half of the total number of students who have attended the institution in regular session. This shows that most of our boys stay at home.

Real Playgrounds for Milwaukee Tots

By MARCIA FLEER

PLAYGROUNDS everywhere are a growing institution and in no place more so than in the city of Milwaukee, which has the distinction of ranking among the best playground cities of the United States. That Milwaukeeans have come to realize the dangers and evils of allowing children to play in the streets is shown by the fact that they have recently voted a $550,000 bond for the continuation and extension of Milwaukee playgrounds.

It was in the year 1910 that the playground idea was first launched in Milwaukee by a group of public spirited women, ably aided by the Milwaukee Association for Public Play and Social Recreation. One playground was started and maintained. In the year 1911, the Milwaukee School Board took up and has since authorized the work of playgrounds and recreation. Year by year the playgrounds have increased until this year Milwaukee numbers twenty-eight.

In many cities, play places have been provided for the children but not playleaders. Milwaukee does both and possibly no small amount of her playground success is due to this fact. To have a capable person in charge of the games and play of young people is of great importance. More games, better games, and a more wholesome and congenial atmosphere are some of the advantages to be obtained by play leadership.

The play day on Milwaukee playgrounds is definitely divided. The grounds open at nine in the morning. At twelve o'clock there is an intermission until half past one. The hour from half past five to half past six constitutes another intermission. At nine o'clock the playgrounds close for the girls and at half past nine for the boys. This allows for a long day of play and as the playleaders work in shifts there is always able and alert supervision and instruction.

The different sessions of the day are also divided. A definite time is given to singing games, active games, quiet games, apparatus, and athletics. Many special features are also offered. On certain days of the week free classes in dancing and sewing meet. On other days there are classes in manual training, swimming, home nursing and cooking. At regular intervals the hike leader visits the various playgrounds and takes the children off on a country expedition.

Near the end of the playground season, which opens in June and closes the Saturday before Labor Day, a Festival and Industrial Exhibit are held. The Industrial Exhibit shows the handwork done by the children in the sewing and manual training classes, and is always a popular occasion. But the festival is the really great and long looked forward to event. On this occasion the children perform the various games and dances learned on the playground, for an audience composed of admiring parents, sisters, brothers, and friends. The Festival is considered a big event and great preparations are always made. For many weeks before the children make quaint little invitations which they give to their mothers, fathers and friends. Then the question of costumes must be settled, for the old singing and dancing games are doubly attractive when done in costume. The majority of these costumes are made by the children themselves from crepe paper or some cheap material. Many paper decorations are also made and on Festival night the playgrounds resemble a carnival in the gayety of the rows of colored toy lanterns and other paper trifles strung above the grounds.

The proof of a pudding is in the eating and so—are Milwaukee playgrounds popular? A recent survey made by the American Parks and Recreation Association shows that 23% of Milwaukee's children are on the playgrounds all the time, 55% two-thirds of the time and 83% one-third of the time.

The reasons for this success can be traced to able departmental and playground leadership, and to the sound financial basis which the school board control gives. No small amount of credit must be given to Miss Dorothy Enderis, who is at the head of the playground department. Beginning when playgrounds were still a novelty to Milwaukee, Miss Enderis has worked untiringly for the success of the playground and at present she is regarded as an authority on playground management.

Some Sprinter!

From the very beginning, the men who came to Wausau did not believe in all work and no play. Outside of working hours, the men played ball, pitched quoits, had contests in walking, sprinting and jumping. I think Wausau developed one of the best sprinters in the Union in the 60's. His name was George Wilson. He could outrun any trotting horse in this section for a distance of one mile. Of course, in those days there was not a horse in this pinery that could trot a mile in less than four and a half minutes. George could easily outrun any three men in the pinery, running relays for one mile. The Hon. W. D. Mc Indoe covered a bet of $1,000 made by George that he could run a mile in four minutes. George went into training and before the date set, Mr. Indoe declared the bet off. In 1867, George concluded to go elsewhere to seek his fortune. He piloted a fleet of lumber out of the river to St. Louis in the early spring and during that summer a copy of the Daily Picayune, of New Orleans, was received in Wausau which told of a remarkable feat performed by a young man from the wilds of Wisconsin. It was George Wilson. There was a field meet of the schools of that section and George, it seems, asked permission to enter. After he had proved to the officers that he was not a professional, his request was granted. He entered and won every foot race of the meet and was the only athlete who jumped all the hurdles in the hurdle race.

The Home-Owned Book

THE great point about the book in the home is that it is at home. Settled down where it belongs, glad to be there. It may travel, but it has a place to come back to—with luck; we are forced to add, with luck (or with the owner's special good management).

Seriously, however, haven't you many times noticed the increase of sanity and pleasantness, of certitude and serviceability, ease and open-mindedness, in people who are at home, who "belong some place" and are not merely transients, provisionals? Well, so do books gain dignity and power and repose and give out more when they are at home.

The book you own, that is part of your library, an honorable addition to it, has a hundred-fold more to confer than the borrowed book or the library book. It is there to meet the perfect mood for that book and no other, to recall a flavor, repeat an experience, confirm an impression; it is there to answer the questions worthwhile books raise, or to take its own part against arguments your mind set up, perhaps sub-consciously, as you went about your affairs.

We would go so far as to assert that even if you never open it again a book you have liked does something for you in your home. And this is not merely because those your mind meets daily may then read it and it become part of a common experience, but just its "thereness" keeps it a part of your living. You are aware of its corporeal body, consciously or unconsciously many times, and somehow a soul does stick around better when its body is present.

Could you possibly feel that a book which has been read by a stranger, and presently will be read by another strang-

(Continued on Page 21)

IS NOISE MUSIC?

By Rena Bauer

NOT all noise is music but by cultivating your ear to sounds around you, you may be able to find music in what you supposed was noise. The myriad noises that make up the roar of a great city, when softened by distance resolve themselves into the key of "F".

The hum of the machinery as heard at our Stanley Toy Factory from a distance of several blocks is a continual crescendo tone ascending to F sharp, then descending in a diminuendo tone. Its whistle blows high C, and that of our Box Factory is one octave lower. Our fire alarm siren hits A at the height of its shriek. The toll of the church bell is also A, but an octave lower. The city clock strikes on the tone B, while our railroad crossing bell strikes on G.

The raindrops have a rhythm of their own, subduing to the tense nerves and furnishing peaceful music to the tired soul. The telegraph poles sing a characteristic monotone. The shrill, steel scream of the whistle of a railroad train when rounding a sharp curve has a certain pitch if not a musical one. The whistle of one of its engines echoing and reechoing among the high peaks of the Rocky Mountains is distinctly musical. At Gills Landing, Wisconsin, is a bridge that opens for boats, and a necessary break in the car rails over which the trains pass. When a freight train passes we hear an irregular rhythm but to our great pleasure and delight it is the exact rhythm of Wagner's "Walkure".

There must be untold numbers of music lovers who are remote from musical centres and are deprived of hearing the so-called best in music. But music they must have; it is a soul's need and by awakening of both the physical and spiritual ear they may find themselves in a sphere that is vibrant with melody and harmony. Listening to the various sounds and rhythms found around and about us is the privilege of all who have ears to hear. Besides, it is splendid ear-training.

Instead of the deafening roar that most visitors hear at Niagara Falls, it has a distinctly musical tone, the dominant seventh chord in the key of C, four octaves lower than a piano, the most sublime music on earth.

How many have noticed the variety in volume and tone quality of wind-swept maple, elm, and pine trees? Each tree has its own particular note as individual as its shape; while the tinkling music produced when these same trees are encased in a coating of ice resembles crystal castanets, and the resplendent color produced as the sun's rays strike the ice-prisms, added to the music, gives joy to both eye and ear.

Instrumental music is rarely humorous, but a few sounds, at least, in nature have that quality: the gleeful chuckle of a bubbling brook flowing under its winter coating of ice and snow; the spontaneous joyousness of the song of the bobolink and wren bubbling over with happiness; no other birds seem to cram so much pure fun into one short musical sentence. "What are the wild waves saying?" The whole day long what inspiring music is in their splashing against the coast! Large ice forms hold their own cold cadences. The heavy, sullen roar of grinding ice when streams and lakes break up in the spring, has a tone quality peculiar to itself and is not unmusical; while the mighty ocean is interpreted according to the varied temperaments of those who listen to its wonderful tones.

With over 60 per cent of the cheese, more than 20 per cent of the condensed milk, and 10 per cent of the creamery butter, Wisconsin leads the nation in dairy production.

Since Dr. L. W. Weeks built his first silo on his Waukesha county farm and Professor W. A. Henry invited farmers of the state to see one erected on the University farm, Wisconsin farmers have built 100,000 of these "watch towers of prosperity".

THE HOME-OWNED BOOK

(Continued from Page 20)

er, vanishing from your ken; a book which you read and return, (paying, perchance, lowly pence in fines, still further to vulgarize the relation) had entered your life in the same way as the book you own? The book you discovered, looked into, tasted, judged, liked, fondled with the palm of your hand, bought, had wrapped with a little thrill of pleasure, carried home and unwrapped with another little thrill, a lot keener than the one in the shop, read with full, leisurely thoroughness of ownership, and found a place for—the right place—on your shelves? Could you get as much out of a book you didn't own? Of course you could not.

A book in the home on a visit is not to be despised. Library books have been the means of immense cultural advancement and much comfort and pleasure to many millions, and the public and semi-public library are of use to everyone. There are many books you have a curiosity to read and no desire whatever to own; and there are books, for everyone, beyond his allowance or his powers of purchase. It is not as one ungrateful for the public service of public libraries that we insist upon the peculiar value of the book in the home, but rather as one who knows that a good book on any terms is good, but a good book owned and lived with is multiplied in value many times.

With sales last year to forty-five other states and to eight foreign countries, Wisconsin led as a distributing center for dairy cattle.

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Introducing New Libraries

MANY of the smaller towns of Wisconsin have set a wonderful standard in library facilities. Last year, Sun Prairie erected a beautiful little library building. In a very interesting article which is now in preparation, Miss Estelle Hayden tells the story of this accomplishment, a story of early days in Sun Prairie and of the landmark which has now been transformed into this beautiful contribution to civic life.

In a recent issue of the **Wisconsin Library Bulletin**, there are also announcements of the formal opening of public libraries at Park Falls, and Argyle.

Says the **Bulletin**, "With the city library quartered in the new municipal building, Park Falls has one of the finest libraries in northern Wisconsin. Miss Edna Smith, the librarian, had everything in readiness for the formal opening January 31st, to which the public was invited. About 400 new books had been added to the collection, these and the new furniture making the room a very attractive place.

"It is a far cry from the old crowded quarters back of the bank to the large sunny, corner room of the modern city building. Then, the afternoon borrowers overflowed the room, and much of the librarian's work was interupted by council meetings and hearings. Now, the readers have plenty of room and the librarian can work with freedom.

"In the past few years the work at the library has steadily increased with the constant addition of new books and with the larger circulation. The library now has approximately 3000 books, while the circulation has jumped amazingly, the number for the first three months of this year exceeding a half of the entire circulation for all of last year."

"At a recent meeting of the board announcement was made of a gift of money from the Parent-Teachers' Association of Lymantown. The town of Lake, the adjoining township, appropriated $200 to help defray any expense incurred by the library through service out of the city."

"Park Falls is very proud of its library and the people and the city management have shown interest by provision for its upkeep, caretaking and addition of an apprentice to help the librarian in rush hours."

The Arygle Public Library is the gift of F. A. Waddington, as a memorial. Mr. Waddington is to be congratulated on this public spirited gift. There are few ways in which anyone can make a greater contribution to his community than by supplying his people with the means of reading good books.

Lake Geneva Reads

The public library reports 8,500 volumes in the collection and over 50 magazines regularly subscribed for. The collection includes French, Italian, and Spanish books, in addition to the English titles.

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DERE EDITOR

(Continued from Page 18)

a wholesome respect for that intangible multitude for which he writes. I have in mind an admirable example of such a letter, but it concerns a certain very good friend of mine—a Badger, by the by—and tact forbids that I use it. Let me present a similar example, purely imaginary, which lacks the high inspiration of the other but which will illustrate the point.

Picture Mr. Guff as belonging to a rather well known type of editor—a florid writer, deadly serious, haunted by the fear that some day he won't find enough matter to fill his two columns. An automobile has killed a stray dog that was chasing a rag doll. Now, that dog probably had reasons of his own for wanting the doll, but Editor Guff has chosen to paint a sparkling picture of the doll's young owner screaming on the sidewalk, of the pup's gallant dash under the wheels of traffic, and of the relentless vulcanized rubber which brought this effort to its untimely end.

Not having a sense of humor, Editor Guff takes his human interest story seriously. He is undeniably proud of it. His delight knows no bounds when next day's mail brings this bit of verse:

Yesterday I found laudation
Of an heroic end—
Undivided admiration
An editor had penned.
Rich in pathos, art and feeling,
Enlightening and inspiring;
All our sympathy appealing—
No one could help admiring!
Untimely death! But timely praise
To mark the end of Fido's days!

Editor Guff, of course, shows the tribute to all his friends, and then prepares the copy for a box on page one. Sooner or later some sophisticated soul will note that the initials of the first three lines spell the word "you." Graceless curiosity will carry him on down the column of initials, and then the secret is out. He has revealed the pungent comment which it is the verses' real purpose to carry.

In closing I might add that poetry is a favorite medium of expression for Constant Reader. I remember a plumber who used to discuss the city's politics in what he termed "ballads". He had a knack of rhyming which made his efforts popular despite a meter that sometimes progressed at a hop, skip, and jump. For instance, he might write:

I have read with consternation
Of the present agitation
For a costly union station
For our town.
I'd say thrift is just what we should
Always practice and that we could
Get along as now if we would
Keep taxes down.

On the strength of such lines he was elected alderman of his ward, and bade fair to become a power in the affairs of the city and county. In an inspired moment, however, an unscrupulous opponent mailed him a copy of Amy Lowell. His next contribution read:

The city's budget,
Evolved in many dreary nights,
Is locked in the clerk's vaults,
Waiting.
It lies and waits.
Encased as it is in steel,
How can it forestall unscrupulous grafters,
Those who wait,
And lie?

From that day his power waned, and he was snowed under at the next election. It wasn't that the sentiment he expressed wasn't laudable. You just can't fool a voter with free verse. There's nothing he would like better than free government, but you mustn't mix politics and literature.

Fox's Glen

A DISTINGUISHING characteristic of Wisconsin's scenery is, that it does not consist of a few striking features, only, but rather its real charm comes from its multitude of minor attractions which oftentimes are unknown outside the immediate neighborhood—the little lake, nestling among the green hills, curious rock formations throughout the wonderful driftless area, or glens of rare beauty which bear mute evidence of Nature's sculptural skill.

Such a beauty spot is Fox's Glen some four miles out from Portage on the Baraboo road. It is unfortunate, indeed, that on account of the vandalism committed here by visitors, it is now closed to the public.

This great gorge in season is clothed with a wonderful growth of vegetation—ferns of many kinds, blood root, jack-in-the-pulpit, anemone, and hosts of others.

The walls, which consist of sandstone alternated with the curious conglomerate which is characteristic of this region, are rugged and carved into strange shapes by the chattering little stream which tumbles from rock to rock in a series of beautiful waterfalls.—*W. C. English, Wyocena.*

You've Been There!

Morning with the sun breaking through the mists arising from the warm water of the lakes and thoroughfares into the crisp air. Kingfisher chattering in his flight. Blue heron in the marsh from which a bittern arises croaking. Blue jays with rusty notes. Robins with a touch of fall in their complaint.

Red squirrels picking the seeds out of the white pine cones and scurrying up and down the rough pine bark. A great flight of teal out of the wild rice. Noon flooded with brilliant sunlight. Quiet. Even the aspen leaves are asleep. Cool and odorous in the depths of the hemlock and balsam. Wild asters and golden rod in the brown bracken. Blueberries and late raspberries still on the hills. The wind freshens in the north and little waves break through the sedge into foam on the white sand. The day with its flame of maples goes to join its forbears in the west.

At dusk, back in the encircling blue shadows where the pine, hemlock, and spruce stand massed, a white throat sends forth an exquisite song, fragile in the gathering immensity of the night but filling all the darkening spaces with a beauty which lifts the purple of eternity.

A great owl hoots and is answered across the thoroughfare. A mighty sky of suns spreads out and, late, Orion and the Dog Star come up to hound the summer suns into the dark.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Can you tell how many cherry cobblers could be made from the crop of the largest cherry orchard in the world?—It's in Wisconsin and includes 70,000 bearing trees.

THE TELEPHONE IN WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 10)

teen central office buildings, besides warehouses, garages, etc., in Milwaukee, and nineteen exchange buildings in other cities of the state.

The latest milestone set in the progress of the Wisconsin Telephone Company, was the addition to the magnificent building at 418 Broadway, Milwaukee, headquarters for the state. The new structure, built for permanency, is a part of, and in keeping with, the progress of telephone development in the United States, which leads all telephone progress in the world.

The busy American public, that requires more than 45,000,000 connections daily, to carry on its telephone intercourse, has forgotten how young is this now indispensable service. But it may be grasped in a single statement that, as late as 1900, there were 800,000 telephones connected to the Bell System of the United States, and that number has multiplied, to about 16,000,000 or twenty times within little more than two decades. And its growth proceeds with ever-increasing momentum.

Lillies and Indian Relics

A most unusual sight will be seen if one travels northwest to the farm of Herman Erbe, one-half mile west of Husher in Racine County.

Mr. Erbe has a pond lily bed of rare beauty situated in the back yard of his home. Some eighteen years ago he conceived the idea of changing a low piece of land that was being fed by a spring, into a pond. He first used the pond for cutting ice in the winter, and later planted five lily roots, which multiplied and made ice cutting difficult. He then lowered the bed and replanted his pond, placing 175 more plants at that time. The bed is now a mass of beautiful, large, pure white, and pink and white blossoms and is worth while going to see.

Mr. Erbe is also a collector of Indian relics, and he has a most interesting display. Because of the spring on his land, the Indians used the grounds as a watering ground and tenting place, thus giving Mr. Erbe a wonderful opportunity of securing a large number of arrow points and heads, of which he has about 400. In his collection, which is probably the largest in the vicinity, he has spearheads, blunt point arrowheads used in stunning the birds, turtle back arrows, twisters and whirlers. They range in color from white and pink to black, the majority being white, and are made of quartz, flint and granite.

He also found several celts, which were used for scraping skins, a number of drills which were used much as our hand drill is used today, a six-inch knife, a small hatchet, and several small mortars which were used for the grinding of small grains. A number of arrow heads were traded for a beautiful red peace pipe, which he prizes greatly. Mr. Erbe also has a rare collection of moths and butterflies. Among them is a tomato moth, which is a large tan butterfly with very long feelers. He has three Ceeropia. These are brown and black. Other butterflies and moths which are found in the Erbe collection are three monarchs, several swallow tails, and also the darning needle.

One-fourth of the nation's total number of cow testing associations are served by Wisconsin weeklies.

UNCLE ABNER'S BIG GIFT

(Continued from Page 13)

* * * * * * * * * *

I was down t' the dee-po t'other day. The train stopped. The dawter come off'n it. But two youngsters was with her, and they both shouted. "There's Gran'pa!" and rushed me purty nigh off my feet, an' there I was a-huggin' 'em an' a-sayin' "My! My! how yew've growed!"

What is it the scripter says?: "Give an' it shall be given unto yew; good measure, pressed down, an' shaken together an' runnin' over?"

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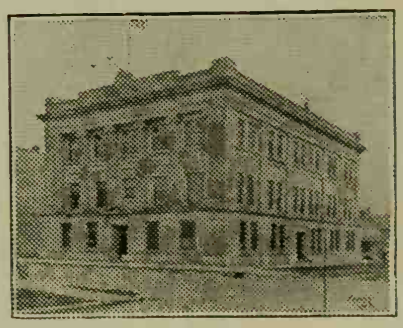

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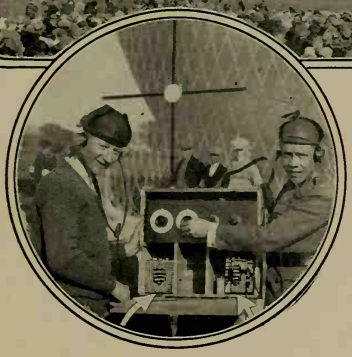

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